



REV. IN JIN MOON'S  
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FFWPUSA



# Easter Sunday Sermon by Rev. In Jin Moon

April 12, 2009 Manhattan Center, New York

**G**ood morning, brothers and sisters. Please have a seat. I'm delighted to be with you this morning on this beautiful Easter Sunday. And thank you for coming into the city to worship with me here at the Manhattan Center. We're truly delighted to have you.

Ever since the year 325, Easter has been observed on the

first Sunday after the vernal, or spring, equinox, when the sun crosses the equator, and Christians have come together to remember this day of resurrection. For a lot of the younger people in the audience, Easter is one of those days that we look forward to because Easter means Easter bunnies, chocolate eggs, and arts and crafts. I am no different. I remember spending many days in preparation for

the great event, making arts and crafts, decorating eggs with different dyes and crayons with my children.

I remember my husband always putting on a rabbit-ear headband to get into the spirit. Before I sent him off to hide these special, precious eggs that the children would discover all around our house, I would make a big puffball of cotton for him and stick it on his butt. That's when he knew



that it was time to go: He had only 30 minutes to hide those precious eggs.

While I was keeping the kids busy in the kitchen, making cookies, doing paintings about what Easter means, or making beautiful renditions of the bunny, my husband would be going around the property like a Ninja. He'd go behind the house, making sure no children were in sight, and then run to the front, hiding the eggs in the bushes. Then we'd see him disappear into the garage, or the annex, as we called it, to hide some eggs there.

I remember that he was so satisfied with himself when he came back undetected and undiscovered. Then we would give the children the go-ahead: "It's time for the Easter egg hunt!" The five screaming little munchkins would disappear all around the house, from the second floor on down to the basement, all around the property, into the bushes. Off they went. We would be waiting for their little squeals of delight when they discovered the eggs. We as parents would just be in the house, waiting for those baskets to come back. For the little kids, that was what Easter was all about.

But of course when we grow older, we understand the real significance of what Easter is. It's really a day of resurrection. But the day of resurrection was preceded three days earlier by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. That has got to be the most heart-breaking, most painful aspect of our human history, that week prior to the crucifixion when Jesus faced his trial and experienced his own disciples' denial, especially Peter's. Jesus actually foretold that Peter would deny him. And there was the heartbreak and pain that one of his disciples, Judas, sold him for a chunk of change. Can you imagine what the son of God must have been feeling at that time?

I want to share with you how my father feels when he thinks about Jesus and that sad moment. Nothing is more heartbreaking than to hear the words of Jesus Christ in his prayer at Gethsemane. I think a lot of the believers understand the prayer as a sign of weakness on Jesus' part, especially when Jesus asked his Heavenly Father if this cup could pass. But Jesus was the son of God. If Jesus came to die and he realized that this was his divine mission, then wouldn't he have ushered in his death as a courageous son of God? But Jesus

asked this question not out of weakness but because he realized he wouldn't have any more time to fulfill what he had come to do.

Even in the eleventh hour, even when the disciples that he took with him to pray at Gethsemane fell asleep, Jesus came back after the first prayer and asked them, "Can't you just stay awake for an hour?" And he went back to pray. And then he came back and realized that they were heavy-lidded again. Then he prayed again, and when he came back the third time and saw that they were still sleeping, Jesus realized that the time had come and that he would be facing his physical death.

His crucifixion was an incredible tragedy for humankind. But of course we know that three days later, through the resurrection, Jesus had a spiritual victory. Jesus could stand in the position of a spiritual father. We also hear in the Bible about the emergence of the Holy Spirit, in the second chapter of Acts, where we see a true mother figure come into being. Together with Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit became the spiritual true parent. For over 2,000 years they have worked hard to bring unbelievers into the realm



of love and into the understanding of who Jesus Christ really was.

What about the physical victory that Jesus longed so much to substantiate? That is why he uttered the prayer asking God if he could have a little bit more time. We know now that Jesus did not have time before he was crucified. Yes, there was great victory in the spiritual salvation,

*“Jesus knew that he came not to die but to fulfill God’s original purpose of creation. What is that original purpose of creation? It’s to create an ideal family.”*

in the resurrection. But still quite a few works needed to be done. Jesus knew that he came not to die but to fulfill God’s original purpose of creation. What is that original purpose of creation? It’s to create an ideal family.

The Bible alludes to the fact that Christ would have to come again. For thousands of years, people have been waiting for the Second Coming of Christ. Then what happened? In 1920 a young Korean boy was born; when he turned 16 and knelt to pray on Easter Sunday morning, Jesus

appeared before him and asked my father, the Reverend Dr. Sun Myung Moon, “Please fulfill my mission, please fulfill God’s original purpose of creation, please build the ideal family. I am only a spiritual victor in that I am the spiritual true parent, but I need you to fulfill my mission and establish the physical true parents, substantiating God’s dream of an

ideal family.”

I know many of you in the audience might be around the age of 16. I ask you the question, if Jesus Christ appeared before you this morning and said, “Can you please fulfill my mission?” what kind of an answer would you give? Maybe you would think, “Well, I really wanted to get my driver’s license. I have a driver’s ed class to go to, and then I have to practice driving so that I can get that permit.” Or maybe some of you would think, “I promised my friends I was going to spend some time with them at

the mall. I’m really not sure, Jesus Christ, if this is for me. I don’t really see how going to the mall and saving the world have anything to do with each other.” Or maybe some of you might fall down and cry because you saw Jesus, you heard Jesus, you experienced Jesus.

From what I know, that experience of the 16-year-old boy whom I call my father was an incredibly profound one. It changed his life forever. From the moment that he said, unwillingly at first, “Yes, I will try my best; I will fulfill your mission,” that poor boy has never, ever wavered.

Just recently, on January 31, we had the honor of celebrating my father’s birthday. I’ve never seen my father so happy for so long. I feel that he was so happy spending time with you because he could feel your spirit, he could feel the love the American members have for him. I think in his mind he was hoping, “Just as I was changed on that Easter Sunday, I’m hoping my American children can go on with the same devotion, the same determination, and the same commitment that I’ve kept throughout my whole life.”

As a daughter looking at this father, who’s 90 years old, sometimes it’s a very interesting

experience for me. He can still outspoke anyone. Just recently in Las Vegas he spoke for 11 and a half hours. Those poor leaders couldn't even take a bathroom break; they had to sit there listening. I was watching them, wondering what was going through their minds right then. He can outdance anyone. I remember my kids coming to me after being at Hoon Dok Hae at the 90th birthday celebration. They said, "Ooh, Mom, Grandfather really can move." And especially when he put in his two twists, my kids were like, "I had no idea!" I said, "You know what? Maybe that's why you're such great dancers. You didn't know you got it from grandfather, did you?"

He can stay awake longer than anyone. Even many teenagers cannot outlast this man. Not only is he physically such an incredible specimen of a human being, but I have never seen anyone so obsessed with a singular dream and purpose, totally driven to make it into a reality.

Father has said over the years that what is most central in the universe is the parent-child relationship because that is why God created the universe. God wanted to experience what it would be like to be a parent, to

be a mom and a dad. I know that regardless of what we might think when we're young, "Oh, I never want to be blessed, I never want to be married, I'm going to be independent and do my own thing," when the biological clock starts ticking, we start thinking about those little pink and blue things in the baby department. We start wanting a family; we start wanting to experience what it would be like to love something as yours.

This was the desire out of which our universe was created, and this was the dream that God had in wanting to establish Adam and Eve as his first physical manifestation on earth, to carry on his lineage. But then we know what happened, right? Adam and Eve messed up. They made a mistake, and human history had to pay a great price before we could welcome the son of God, Jesus Christ.

I've often thought about why people had such a hard time understanding Jesus. Even the Bible speaks of Jesus as a self-proclaimed messiah. He was badly misunderstood. He was questioned. The issue of illegitimacy surrounded him his whole life. When you read the Divine Principle, you realize that this misunderstanding should have been cleared up by John the

Baptist. He was the Elijah returning to proclaim to the world that Jesus was the messiah.

John the Baptist came from a prominent family. His father was Zechariah; his mother was Elizabeth. He was a second cousin to Jesus Christ because Elizabeth and Mary were cousins. The Bible refers to him as a very educated man, quite prominent and devout. But parts of the Bible refer to Jesus as having a very difficult childhood, a very hard life.

When you look at these two cousins, you have to wonder, how could John the Baptist say he didn't know Jesus? They were cousins. How could he not know? If Heavenly Father blessed John the Baptist to be such a prominent figure, could it have been that maybe because of his own prominence and position, there was something in him that made him struggle about whether he should hand everything over to Jesus, to this second cousin with a question of illegitimacy around him?

I am sure that John the Baptist struggled with this issue. When we read the Bible, we know that ultimately because John the Baptist could not proclaim Jesus as the son of God, this sowed disunity among the people and helped lead to his crucifixion.

I think about how often my father has said to me that Christianity was prepared in the same way to receive the messiah and to proclaim him to the world, and how often he has said that had Christianity united with him, the world would already be a peaceful world. But we know that Christianity had a hard time uniting with my father, and, therefore, he had to go out into the wilderness, build his own church, raise his own disciples, come to America...

At first he was embraced because the message of true love is so beautiful. It's undeniable; it's what I call simple elegance. I remember in the 1970s my father was given the keys to every state of the United States, and people were joining our church, several hundred a week. The centers weren't big enough.

Then what happened? People were afraid that this Oriental man was exercising too much influence over young Americans. Then we saw a backlash, saw the persecution start, saw ourselves being labeled as Moonies, being belittled as weird, being categorized as cultish. How many times did I see the newspapers refer to Rev. Sun Myung Moon as the self-proclaimed messiah? Just as the Bible refers to Jesus as the self-proclaimed messiah.

I did not know English when I first came. In American culture, I was a chink, a Moonie. I remember one incident at middle school. Sometimes girls can be really nasty to each other, much more nasty than boys. I remember a group of four or five girls who followed me around in the hallways, saying, "Isn't your father Reverend Moon? Aren't you a Moonie? Aren't you a cult? You're a Moonie. Your father thinks he's the messiah." I turned around and said, "Do you even know what Moonie means? In my language, in Korean, it means a design. 무늬 (Moo-neui) is like a design on something. So you can call me Moonie as much as you want, but the way I'm understanding it is that you're calling me a beautiful design of this school. And I have a design on you that one day you're going to say it lovingly."

When I talked to these girls, they were literally a choir, saying "Moonie, Moonie." I thought, "Okay, the only thing I can do is clap along, at least turn it into a performance." One boy was watching this whole thing. He was what you would call the hot kid on the block, the jock that every girl wanted to be with. Having gone out with every girl in the school, this guy found it intriguing that

this Oriental girl was fighting back; I was making fun of them just as much as they were making fun of me. He came to my side and said, "Ladies, ladies, you are much more beautiful when you're smiling." Then he took my hand, and we walked down the hall together. I looked back and saw these not-so-nice girls with their jaws dropping, "Oh, my God, the jock of the school is walking down the hall with a Moonie!" He said to me, "In Jin, let me apologize for their immature behavior. I'm so ashamed I belong to this school." We became great friends, even to this day.

That's what a John the Baptist is. At that moment, he was my John the Baptist. If the real John the Baptist had been there for Jesus, he would not have been crucified, and we would not be celebrating the spiritual resurrection of Jesus Christ. I've often wished that my father had a true John the Baptist, somebody who's prominent in our society, somebody who runs maybe a megachurch. Maybe God would bless that person so that he or she could stand in the position of John the Baptist to share with the world, "Guys, the Second Coming has already come. It might not be in the shape or form you want it, but

he's here." Maybe some people are waiting for a Jesus to return that looks like Ben [Ben Lorentzen, one of the performers]! Doesn't he look like Jesus?

Maybe they weren't expecting a robust, funny, engaging, and compelling man like my father. But my father came. And you know what? Despite all the persecution and the difficulties, he just kept on going, one step at a time. He had a huge dream, but he took things one step at a time.

It was a glorious day in 1960 when the world could witness the Marriage of the Lamb. He found the True Mother; they were wed in holy matrimony and thus could substantiate the beginning of the dream that our Heavenly Parent wanted to realize in the body of Jesus. Jesus' mission is still carried on to this day with our True Parents.

True Parents didn't come just to tell you, "Look how great we are. We are the first man and the first woman to stand before you as perfected Adam and perfected Eve, and you guys cannot become great

people yourselves." No. True Parents are saying, "Just as we have become True Parents, you can become true parents, too." We can graft onto this true olive branch and share in this lineage of our Heavenly Parent and in so doing become one family under God.

*"True Parents are saying, 'Just as we have become True Parents, you can become true parents, too.' We can graft onto this true olive branch and share in this lineage of our Heavenly Parent and in so doing become one family under God."*

Brothers and sisters, this is an incredible time. Just as the egg symbolizes life and the potential of what it can be, this Easter Sunday morning symbolizes our life and the potential that we have in our hands to determine what kind of people we want to be. I'm hoping that as Americans, not only should we stand as loving couples, loving families, and loving children, but as proud and loving Americans we can share a little bit of our blessing with the rest of the world in service, through mission work.

My father has built so many hospitals and schools all around the world, hoping to teach people and

nurture them so they can become great. How wonderful it would be if we could give a little bit of ourselves in the different categories that we happen to be really good at, that we can be passionate about, and in so doing, as representatives of this great country, go out into the world and share the good news.

J e s u s brought us the good news, but you know what? True Parents brought us the breaking news. It's breaking news time,

brothers and sisters. This breaking news is a message of hope, a message of love. It is an invitation to live our lives filled with gratitude and happiness, in celebration and appreciation of each other, not being the kind of religious people who judge but instead the kind of religious people who have an incredible capacity to love, who can raise up not only beautiful children but inspire our young people to become a generation worthy of the name Generation Peace.

Our children need not die at school. Just last week somebody came into a civic center and

killed 15 people. Another person killed three policemen. We have numerous school shootings all around the country. Our children need not die just because they want a chance to study and get better. Our children need not be afraid of going to Palestine or Israel, walking the streets in fear of suicide bombers.

We as parents need to do our mission of creating and encouraging ideal and loving families, really showing our children how we can live in a multicultural, multi-religious society with respect and honor. We don't want to just coexist with each other, like the bumper sticker that you see all over the place says. Instead of different religions and cultures merely coexisting and putting up with each other, how incredible would it be if we could actually love each other!

Yesterday I was watching the news. Some commentators were saying how this is the worst economic crisis in the history of America. They were throwing out dire warnings. One of them said, "The economy is really bad, and the only things that are doing well in society are the churches, the bars, and the movie theaters." This person talked about how the church is thriving because

people are looking for meaning. When somebody like Madoff runs off with billions of dollars of his clients' money and these people who were once the pillars of high society are standing out in the cold with nothing, I'm sure they must be looking for meaning in their lives.

Why bars? Because people want to feel connected to each other. They want to find some kind of commiseration together over a bottle. And why the movie theaters? People want relief, so they go to forget.

But I was thinking, maybe this severe economic crisis is a way God is helping all of us ask the very simple and very profound questions about the meaning of life. Maybe God wants us to go back to church. Maybe God wants us to come back home. And instead of just asking what is the meaning of life, maybe people will actually realize that the answer is within and they can find empowerment in the church.

For those people who are looking for connectedness in bars, maybe they can come home to church and realize they can do it much better here; instead of just commiserating, they can actually learn to love. And maybe instead of going to movie theaters to forget,

maybe they can come back home to church and worship together so that they can truly celebrate the life that they've been given.

When I call this ministry Lovin' Life Ministries, it means that it's not about Rev. In Jin Moon. This is about you and me, all of us in this room, and all of our lives that combine in this incredible tapestry called the human experience, the tapestry of the children of God. I'm hoping that as we move forward and get to know each other a little better each Sunday, we can realize how beautiful everybody is, how much we can learn from each other, and how much we must be grateful that we have this opportunity to build and live in an ideal family that Jesus never had a chance to do.

Let us not be heavy-lidded, brothers and sisters. Let us not be asleep like those disciples at Gethsemane. Let us open up our eyes and realize that we're living in a providential time, that we're living in a time when the Second Coming, our True Parents, walks with us, encouraging all of us to become true parents.

On this beautiful Easter morning I'm hoping that we can all remember our dear brother Jesus, that we can remember our True



Parents and remind ourselves that we are a phenomenal movement. We are the most successful movement, while the founder is still alive.

I'm hoping you'll invite me to your 90th birthday party. I would like to see you bogeying with the moves that my children were so gung-ho about when they saw their grandfather.

I'm hoping that as we move forward and pass on into the next life, we can reap the rewards of a life well lived, that we can be with our ancestors and they can be happy for us, that we can be with our brother Jesus up in heaven and we can be happy for him.

Brothers and sisters, let's open up our eyes on this Easter morning. I would like to leave you with a quote from a famous British novelist, Graham Greene. He is remembered as saying, "The door is always open for the future to come in." The door is open on this Easter Sunday morning, brothers and sisters, and the future is what we make it. So I'm hoping that we can make it a loving one, a respectful one, and a celebrating one. So welcome to Lovin' Life Ministries, and see you next week.





# Easter with Lovin' Life Ministries Will Keep Us Comin' Back for More!

by Celine Tardy

## Lovin' Life Ministries Rocks!

Testimony by Dr. Donna





# Easter with Lovin' Life Ministries Will Keep Us Comin' Back for More!

by Celine Tardy

**T**he brand new Lovin' Life Ministries, with services to be held each Sunday at 10am at the Manhattan Center, kicked off on Easter Sunday, April 12, 2009. With outstanding musical performers who created a phenomenal presence of worship in their music, mixed together with an "everlasting" message from Rev. In Jin Moon, the congregation felt alive and "lovin' life"!

At 10am sharp, the full band, which included a mixture of professional musicians and talented singers accompanied by a full choir directed by a superb conductor, started to perform a variety of music that established an instant connection with the congregation. The rendition of the well-known song "Amazing Grace" brought people to their feet, which was followed by Ben Lorentzen's performance of his own song, "Dream the Dream," and an awe-inspiring version of the Australian Hillsong Church's famous "With Everything" that together with the whole band echoed throughout the ballroom and through everyone's souls. The beautiful voice of Ilhwa Yokpore was heard next with her version of "A Living Prayer" that was over the top, stunning in quality and spirit.

A selection of scripture readings were projected on screens and read aloud by a lovely female voice to be seen and heard with reverence. Then the lights in the room brightened, and Rev. In Jin Moon appeared at the podium to speak to the congregation of over

1,300 attendees in the beautiful Grand Ballroom, with more than 300 more people watching via broadcast in the Hammerstein.

After a profound message that touched so many at once, the service closed with more outstanding band performances of such songs as "Everlasting Love," incorporating the theme that each person in the audience had the potential to truly love. The congregation was welcomed to stay afterward for fellowship and personal greetings with the pastor, Rev. In Jin Moon.

Many were astounded by the beginning of this new and fresh service they had seen and were excited to return again. Rev. In Jin Moon left the audience with a quote in her sermon from the famous British novelist, Graham Green, "The door is always open for future to come in". She expressed that the future is what we make it, "so I am hoping that we can make it a loving one, a respectful one, and a celebrating one. Welcome to Lovin' Life Ministries!"



## Lovin' Life Ministries Rocks!

Testimony by Dr. Donna

**I**t was an awesome beginning! Family Federation for World Peace and Unification members and guests coming from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Boston, Washington, D.C., and even Ohio greeted the inauguration of Lovin' Life Ministries at Easter Sunday Service. This was my family's experience on that day:

When we entered The Grand on the 7th floor of the Manhattan Center, we saw subtle, smoky light rays around the band on the stage and mystery columns or



projected pillars of light creating a fantasy illusion of structure behind the band. "Is this a magical mystery tour?" I whispered to my husband. Twenty minutes before the service began, Rev. Henri Schauffler came over to us and engaged us in conversation, rekindling a relationship from over twenty years ago. Then we, in turn, introduced ourselves to a couple sitting next to us who had driven all the way from the southern New Jersey shore. Already we felt a message: People matter; people care.

Now, it was not solemn and still, like some churches. Everything seemed internally moving.... And there were no programs to read. "Where are the Easter flowers?" I whispered. It was going to be a surprise....

Soon, David Hunter, the Master of Ceremonies, came out on the stage. "Are you ready?" His capacious voice boomed as though he had the capacity to inhale the entire atmosphere of the hall inside himself and then exhale it in one swift breath to every corner and space of the entire hall. "Let the service begin," he boomed. "What a blast!" I thought to myself.

The music began with the internal, soul-searching spiritual, "Amazing Grace...how sweet the sound...that saved a wretch like me...." This was like Christian church, after all, with rock band flair and new age technology. Diego Costa, Ilhwa Yokpore, and Ben Lorentzen sang beautifully and from their hearts.

One song performed was "Everlasting Love," a song by Gloria Estefan.

*Hearts go astray, Leaving hurt when they go.  
I went away Just when you needed me so.  
Filled with regret, I came back beggin' you.  
Forgive, Forget! Where's the love we once knew?  
Open up your eyes, Then you'll realize.  
Here I stand with my Everlasting Love.*

Then, they sang "My Sweet Lord," a Beatles song by George Harrison with both Christian and Hindu motifs:

*My Sweet Lord, I really want to see you,  
Really want to be with you,  
Really want to see you, Lord.  
But it takes so long, my Lord.  
Hm, my lord (Hallelujah)  
My, my, my lord (Hare Krishna)*

These selected songs seemed readymade for our First Generation audience of parents and missionaries from our early church of the 1970s. The music was accompanied by projected images of the ocean, Easter flowers, and the song lyrics.

Along with this wide-reaching embrace of an electrifying professional music ministry, the Easter message of Rev. In Jin Moon captured my heart as well as the heart of my husband and our 14-year-daughter. My daughter commented, "The thing I liked most about the Easter celebration was the music and Rev. In Jin Moon's speech. Her speech was funny but, at the same time, inspiring."

Hearing Rev. In Jin Moon was like being part of a conversation with her. As the daughter of Reverend and Mrs. Moon, she spoke in a candid and forthright manner, appealing to my head and heart with explanations about how she reflects on her life, the contemporary world we live in, and her relationship to her father. Gifted in integrating levels of experience from her own family upbringing to parenting her own five children, she related to Second and Third Generation children as well as the parents and elders in her congregation who have known her parents' ministry for many years. She recalled her father's dancing, especially how his grandchildren were awed

that he could dance in public at age 90. She mimicked his quick, dancing moves.

Her Easter message recalled the sacrifice of Jesus, the tremendous beauty and loyalty of his offering on the cross, and the spiritual resurrection he accomplished. She explained the deep revelation of the Divine Principle that shows the true suffering of Jesus himself and God's ultimate sorrow brought about by the tragedy of Jesus' crucifixion. Because God originally intended Adam and Eve to be his heirs and cocreators of His pure lineage, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth was to begin with the original family. To reverse Adam and Eve's fall, Jesus intended to restore and reestablish a physical family and

*“Her Easter message recalled the sacrifice of Jesus, the tremendous beauty and loyalty of his offering on the cross, and the spiritual resurrection he accomplished. She explained the deep revelation of the Divine Principle that shows the true suffering of Jesus himself and God's ultimate sorrow brought about by the tragedy of Jesus' crucifixion.”*

lineage that would usher in the Kingdom of Heaven in a pure, earthly society. Without a physical family lineage from Jesus due to the crucifixion, God had to re-create a third Adam who could fulfill this physical family lineage.

Thus, as Rev. In Jin Moon explained in thoughtful and deeply moving words, we can know that the deepest sorrow of Jesus on the cross, as well as God's ultimate sorrow, was deeper than the anguish of his life's tragic ending. The fullness of God and Jesus' pain was that the entire world would be bereft

of the Kingdom of Heaven, which could only come to be through a pure family of sinless true parents endowing a new family lineage to all the people of the world. Rev. In Jin Moon further explained that the true purpose of her father and mother's mission was to enable God to re-create this new family lineage by becoming the Third Adam and True Parents in God's providence.

With the music and Easter message having reached multiple levels of meaning, Rev. Jesse Edwards, of the Christian Pentecostal tradition, followed Rev. In Jin Moon's sermon with a reminder about the sacrifice of Jesus and the cross, and the victory of his heartfelt unity with God and his resurrection.

To me, the Lovin' Life Ministries illuminated a connection between the past, present and future through music and the message. Rev. In Jin Moon is a unique minister, a woman, who is called to bring a new message and genuine relationship among peoples of diverse backgrounds. This experience of Lovin' Life

Ministries reminded me of a photo of Rev. Sun Myung Moon holding his fishing rod up against the background of an expansive blue sky. The rod is the symbol of truth, and the sky is the symbol of the God's wide, embracing parental love for all.

Lovin' Life offered fellowship after the service with Rev. In Jin Moon and her staff. An awesome beginning! Lovin' Life Ministries rocks!



# “Deeper Water”

Lovin' Life Ministries Sunday Sermon by Rev. In Jin Moon

April 19, 2009 Manhattan Center, New York

Good morning, brothers and sisters. And good morning to New Jerusalem and WestRock and all the other boroughs that are joining with us this morning via broadcast. I'm delighted to see all of you here at Lovin' Life ministries. I woke up this morning and looked out my window. The forecast for the

weekend was a bit of cloudy skies, and perhaps a little bit of rain. But I realized that our Heavenly Parent gave us a beautiful day, and I hope your drive into the city was a beautiful one.

I was just thinking about my parents this morning and especially my mother because April happens to be her favorite month. For my mother, April

signifies many different things, but most importantly it signifies a new beginning, a time when we can come out of the coldness and the darkness of the winter months and look forward to the lovely spring blossoms, the beautiful flowers, and all the little creatures coming out of the woodwork.





For me, it has always meant a time when I can re-evaluate and reassess what I would like to do for the remainder of the year. What are my goals or the things I would like to accomplish? So it's truly meaningful for me to share this time with you.

I'm sure you listened to the words of the Bible and the words of my father [from the readings].

My father has always greatly loved this country of America. Generally, America is seen as a land of opportunity, but for my father it was a land where he was going to raise up young people to really, truly love God, a place where he could build the ideal kingdom with the great American brothers and sisters.

I still remember flying in. I believe it was December 23, 1973, when my siblings and I flew on Korean Airlines in the hope of seeing our parents in America. We landed in Hawaii, spent some time there, and then went to Seattle, Washington. Then we were riding to New York City, where we would see our parents. I was only eight years old, and I remember being wide awake and being so amazed by the skyscrapers and all the different colors of hair people had.

Such diversity: big, fat, small! You name it, America had it.

One of the first things that my parents did was say, “We want you to taste America.” The first place my father and mother took us was to McDonalds. I know that McDonalds is not getting such a good rap because of what people call cholesterol sticks and too much hamburger, but back then it was something really neat. For a lot of my siblings, of course, we'd had beef, but we'd never had cheese before. I still remember biting into a Big Mac, biting into something gooey and a bit smelly. But when it worked its way down, it was absolutely divine. After the first bite, you just could not help but gobble the whole burger up, and, before you knew it, you wanted more.

I remember my older brother, even when he was 11 years old, was very robust and strong. In our first visit to McDonald's, he said, “Dad, can I have three more? My parents watched him in delight, but there was also a look of almost horror on my mother's face watching him down this Big Mac. That was our first taste of America.

Then my father and mother said, “Kids, we have to give you a tour of how incredible this country

is because this country was truly prepared by God.” My father took us to Washington, D.C., and said, “Let me show you why.” He showed us that the Congress was convened in prayer and that there was even a prayer room in the Capitol building where senators and congressmen can go to offer a prayer when they are overburdened with the issues of the day. Their time there can be a time of cleansing, a time of healing and rejuvenation as they remember the country's heritage, which is really God.

Father said to look at the dollar bills, even. We couldn't read English at that point but Father pointed out that “In God We Trust” was on all the bills of American money. He said, “See, even in the things like money, there is God here. There is God in every aspect of this country.”

I remember him telling us many great stories about the courage and the faith of the Pilgrims who came to this country. They escaped England to find the freedom to worship. They didn't want to be persecuted just for believing in something that they wanted to believe in. They left England for Holland and stayed there for a while, but then the New World attracted them greatly. The

New World was the land referred to as the land of opportunity. The first Mayflower inhabitants came to this country with the desire to worship God. My father said that this as the basis of the colonists' desire. That was

the true desire of God when he saw this country. God wanted this country to be a Christian nation. God wanted his people to revel in his Word and

to substantiate his Word, to live a good life, build great families, and raise wonderful children.

What was the first thing our Pilgrim Fathers did when they came? The first structure they built was a church. We all know that they arrived in November 1620, in the winter. One of the things that my father loved to point out was that when they were crossing the seas, many strong storms came (one even knocked down a huge mast), but the people persevered in their faith. They persevered in their belief that they were going to do God's will, and here they came.

My father said that the interesting thing about the Mayflower is that the colonists

stored grain in the hold of the ship, but no one touched it. And even as the inhabitants settled, and so many of them died (over half of them died that first winter) they never touched that grain because

*“My father has been saying that the common language for all of humanity is true love. How do you really love somebody? You have to understand them.”*

they believed in the promise of spring. They believed that it was going to carry them forward. So even as they were dying, they saved the grain with the belief in the spring that would come because they wanted to plant and reap a harvest the next fall. My father and mother continually told us these stories, and they have become a part of who we are.

As we were going to school, my father said, “Your job is to love America more than the American people. How do you actually love somebody? You have to speak their language.” He encouraged us to get the finest education, to really understand the English language

so that we could truly love the American people.

That message has stayed with me throughout the years. Now that I'm in my 40s and have five lovely children and am blessed with a husband who is not afraid to support me from the background, I realize my father's wisdom in asking us to deeply study the language. If you really think about it, love is

about understanding. You feel loved when your wife understands you. And children feel loved when they feel their parents understand them.

The difficult thing about interracial marriages and intergenerational gaps is that many cultures speak their own language and each generation speaks its own language. It's almost as if we don't have a common language. But my father has been saying that the common language for all of humanity is true love. How do you really love somebody? You have to understand them.

Maybe a lot of the First Generation in the audience might be thinking, “Interesting service; loud

music!” But you know what? The kids are thinking, “Louder, louder, harder!” It is in this language of true love that you can say, “I am going to understand. I am going to love it because my children love it.” Maybe this is the younger generation’s way of saying, “Mom and Dad, this might not be your cup of tea, but thank you for coming with me. I’m so happy you’re here.”

My father is 90 years old and I’m in my 40s. We could stick a couple of generations in between us. If I really wanted to, I might say to myself, “Why is my father like this? Why is he so obsessed with God, obsessed with the language of true love, obsessed with the singular mission of wanting to create ideal families on earth?” But you know what? When I take a step back and realize that he was born in 1920, born in a different generation, but is a man who is probably the greatest proponent of women’s leadership, the greatest cheerleader for women in the world to become great, it’s just unbelievable.

Coming from an Asian culture, where virtuous women are seen as quiet, servile, and behind the scenes, here is this 90-year-old man from an ancient generation, saying, “Daughter, you have to get the best

education, you have to speak the best English, you have to love the American people more than your own, and you have to serve them with all that you can provide.” I think my dad and mom are really hip and really cool people.

Worshipping here together at the Manhattan Center is a wonderful opportunity to remind ourselves how truly blessed we are. Sometimes in the busy schedule of the day, I forget how much I really have, and I forget sometimes how incredibly precious this country is for God. I was reading the Gospel of Luke, which is interesting in that the theme of repentance and forgiveness runs throughout. I was reading Luke 4:31 to 5:16, the story about Jesus and the fishermen at the Sea of Galilee. I thought about this as I was reading it aloud and then in my mind visualized what this episode might have been like in human history.

Here I see Jesus coming to the Sea of Galilee, seeing two boats, and seeing fishermen getting ready to put their nets away for the day. Jesus goes up to Simon Peter and says, “Prepare this boat. I want to take it out.” How would Simon Peter have reacted to Jesus, who was viewed as a carpenter and not known to be a fabulous fisherman,

coming upon these sturdy, hardy, weather-beaten fishermen and saying, “Let me show you. I want to go catch some fish.”

I’ll bet that in the back of Simon Peter’s mind, he must have been thinking, “What is this dude talking about? It’s the end of a long and arduous day. I’m putting away my nets. Why does he want me to prepare a boat to go out?” He actually voiced his struggle, saying, “Jesus, we were out there all day long and we didn’t catch anything. But I will do as you ask me.” He resolved his struggle in the correct way, saying, “Lord, I will obey you.”

The interesting thing about this story is that Jesus says, “Let’s fish in deeper waters.” Maybe the fishermen were not catching fish because they were afraid to go into the deeper, the mysterious, the fearful waters. Maybe they stayed closer to shore. Maybe they were hoping to see the fish in shallow waters. Yet Jesus said, “Let’s go to the deeper waters.” For me these words deeper waters have a lot of meaning. It’s a wonderful metaphor to think about because deeper water doesn’t just mean water. It means all things in life that are deeper, more profound, more mysterious, more powerful.



Because Simon Peter obeyed Jesus and went into the deeper waters, he caught more fish than he could handle. His boat couldn't hold all the fish; he had to ask his friends to come and bring another boat. Even when the other boat came, they were both laden with so much fish that they began to sink. Then Simon Peter said, "Lord, forgive me, I'm a sinner." He realized that through obedience to the Lord or obedience to God's will he was given an unexpected blessing, more blessing than he was ready for, more blessing than his nets could hold. Then what happened? The onlookers, the sons of Zebedee, John and James, saw the miracle of faith, came to their knees, and left everything to become Jesus' disciples.

When I think about these chapters in Luke, considering America and its providential role, what comes to mind is that America is an incredibly prepared country. It is a blessed country in terms of external things. We have the best education, the best entertainers, the best schools to make us whatever we want to become. But what my father came to America to preach was to remind the people that America was forgetting God, our Heavenly Parent.

He often told us children that when he first came to New York City and stood in front of the Empire State Building, he could not help but be overcome with tears. Tears were streaming down his face, and he just could not stop crying. Somebody asked him, "Father, why are you crying? Are you okay?" He replied, "This is a country prepared by God. This is a city prepared by God. The external greatness is so apparent, but where is the internal greatness of the American people?" He saw young people using drugs right around the corner. He saw prostitutes walking down 42nd Street, hoping to turn a trick. He saw young people literally lost, not knowing who they were, where they came from, or what their purpose in life was. These were the tears my father shed.

When I think about this quote, I'm thinking that my father was so sad for America because it had become such a shallow country. Without God, everything loses meaning; without God, the only things we want to strive in our life for is power, knowledge, and wealth. If these are the driving forces that gave rise to these great monuments that we call the Empire State Building or the Chrysler Building, or the other incredible

monuments that this city has, then they're worthless because they have no purpose.

When we find time together, my kids and I like to watch a DVD. I homeschool my kids, so there's no TV in the house, which means they do a lot of reading. But when we do pick a movie night, we pick a movie that everybody wants to see. When my eldest son came home from Scotland, one day he said, "Mother, there's this incredibly funny movie. I like this actor and Gwyneth Paltrow is in it. It's called *Shallow Hal*." Have some of you seen it? He gave us a brief explanation of what the movie is about, and we thought, okay, let's watch it.

It's basically about a main character who is so shallow that he wants to date only the beautiful women of the world. But he's so shallow that he's not satisfied even with a beautiful woman; he always finds something wrong with the woman. Maybe she's incredibly beautiful, but she chews gum and she talks funny. Or another is wonderful, engaging, and articulate but she has a very strange toe. These are the examples the movie gives.

One day he comes upon a motivational speaker named Tony Robbins, who I'm sure some of you

know about. He casts some kind of spell over this guy (Hal), and from then on he can see only the inner beauty of people. So here he is, the serial dater, if you will, introducing his dates to his friends, and the friends just don't get it. They're seeing the women externally, but he's seeing the women internally for who they are. As far as he's concerned, she's marvelous, she's glorious. But to other people maybe she's a bit heavy or might have warts; she might not be that beautiful.

Watching this movie as a family and talking about the movie together, we said, “Maybe many Americans see their country's external greatness, but we need to see America through God's eyes. We need to see America with eyes seeing inner beauty and see if there's anything beautiful to look at.”

In Korean, the word for America, Mi-guk, literally translates as “beautiful country.” This is a beautiful country. But in which way are we going to be beautiful? Just externally? Just in the incredible things we can build, incredible discoveries we can make? What about in the truly beautiful way, the inner-beauty way of understanding each other's culture, recognizing how incredibly important each and

*“In which way are we going to be beautiful? ...*

*“What about in the truly beautiful way, the inner-beauty way of understanding each other's culture, recognizing how incredibly important each and every human being is, realizing that we were born here for a purpose, born to be wonderful sons and daughters of God?”*

every human being is, realizing that we were born here for a purpose, born to be wonderful sons and daughters of God?

When I hear the quote, “fish in deeper waters,” I'm very much reminded of my father because most of you know that he loves to fish. He spent endless days in Gloucester, Massachusetts, during my summer vacations. I would have the opportunity to spend a whole summer with him. It's probably the most precious memory I have of my father because if he was not on the boat, he was off around the world and I never saw him. But on the boat I had the honor and privilege to take care of him.

God gave me a special blessing. I'm the only daughter in the family who doesn't get seasick. Quite a few of my brothers get seasick, too. I was naturally picked, if you will, to accompany my father to the ocean every day at the break

of dawn. At 4:30 he would round up all the members, and we'd go out to sea. The first few days, it is absolutely beautiful. But if you do it day in and day out, it's really difficult.

In my father's customary style, we went out at 4:30 and didn't come back until after 10 pm or 11. Or sometimes my father would say that we were going to sleep on the ocean that night, and we didn't even get to come home. The next day at 4:30, it would start all over again.

I remember my father deeply meditating. At first I thought he might be sleeping because I remember poking him in the side to see if he was awake. He's like, “Uuummph, In Jin!” I would say, “Appa, I just wanted to check if you're awake. Do you need something?” He would reply, “In Jin, I was meditating. Go down and prepare something for the other

people.” He would sit in his chair for hours. I would prepare some food. Since I was the only sister who didn’t get seasick, you know what that meant? Designated cook. Designated cleaner. I had a wonderful helper named Spiro. Both of us spent the whole summer together, not just taking care of my father and learning all his fishing tricks, but also learning how to cook.

I remember preparing different meals and lovingly taking the food to my father. He would always ask me, “Did the other people get food, too?” I would say, “Appa, you ask me that all the time. You know I prepared food for them.” Then he said, “Okay, put this down and you go take care of the crew.” I always felt so loved by this man. Even before he took his first bite, he was thinking about the crew, making sure they were okay. He wanted me to serve. He wanted me to be his ambassador in serving the other people on the boat. He said, “Because you are my daughter, you should be the first to prepare the food and the last to clean up.” He taught me that from a very early age.

He was out every day, even when 20-foot waves blocked the sky and there was lightning and thunder. I remember one day the Coast Guard posted warnings and said that all the boats needed to come back in, but my father said,

*“Not only is my father preaching the beauty within, but he is also emphasizing the holistic living approach, taking care of our bodies because we are divine beings.”*

“No, no, just a couple of more hours.” Then we got a tuna on the line. I remember my father out there fighting that tuna with 20-foot waves crashing on both sides of the boat. I’m peering out, wondering what was happening. I was so scared and wondered if we were going to make it home.

The boat shook so badly and aggressively that everything in the cupboards was falling out, sliding side to side. The big fishermen were being bounced around like ping-pong balls. Here I was, holding onto the couch, petrified with fear. It was at that moment that something came over me, like a voice speaking to me, saying, “Do

not be afraid of the deep waters. Do not be afraid. Believe. Believe.”

It might have been a dream; I might have hallucinating in my fear. Who knows? The only thing I know is that I heard what I heard. Then an incredible serenity and calmness came over me, almost like an out-of-body experience, where I saw the ship being thrown around and my father outside, holding onto the line, and

had a feeling that everything was going to be okay. I said to myself, “Why did I ever doubt my father? Even if I were to go, I would go in style, with my father.” Why was I ever afraid when I had my father right there before me? Maybe I needed to have a little more faith that we could stay out a couple of hours longer and head back.

Head back we did, and, when I got home, that was the first time I kissed the ground. It was so good to stand on the dock. I ran to my mother and literally bowled her over. She exclaimed, “In Jin, what’s going on?” I said, “Omma, I’m so happy to see you.” She had no idea why this 12-year-old girl was



screaming down the dock, literally running her over. I remember her saying, “I love you, too.” This is a special memory for me.

There were many lessons like this that I learned in the course of the summer. Whenever I hear fishing stories from somebody else or even when I read the Bible, all these memories surface in my mind, and I’m taken back to that very instant when I was literally hanging on for dear life, this little girl in the middle of the ocean, with her father still intent on catching that fish.

I said to my husband, “Since my father loves fishing so much, and because he loves me so much, I am convinced that the reason we’ve been blessed together is because your nickname is Fisheye.” That must be the reason Father blessed me to this man. With those huge eyes of love that remind me and my siblings of a fish, here is this beautiful person who’s going to be staring at me for the rest of my life and forever onward.

It’s no wonder that his favorite food is seafood. Every Valentine’s Day when we try to schedule a romantic dinner, it’s got to be seafood. I don’t know how many times we’ve talked together, saying, “There are other types of

protein in the world besides fish. Would you like to try some red meat this year? Try some game?” But he loves seafood.

Here we are, a movement that’s more than three decades old in this country. I think a lot of us with children are wondering, did we really make a difference? Many times I ask myself that question: Did we really make a difference as a movement? In an incredible way, we did. The company my father founded a couple of decades ago called True World Foods is a seafood company. When he initiated that project, nobody knew what sushi was or what eating raw fish was about. I remember going to school, hearing somebody mention sushi and the kids would say, “Yuck. You eat raw fish? That’s disgusting.” I remember hearing those words growing up.

But this company now services more than 90 percent of the best seafood restaurants in this country. I think my father single-handedly got the world to love sushi. So if you’re asking yourself the question, did we make a difference? Absolutely! We’ve been feeding America for the last couple of decades. Not only is my father preaching the beauty within, but he is also emphasizing

the holistic living approach, taking care of our bodies because we are divine beings. We are vessels that God can work through.

So just as we take time every Sunday to worship together, to clear our conscience, to love the Lord, and to come together as a community, my father encourages holistic living. We have one of the most influential pharmaceutical companies in Korea that produces IlHwa ginseng, introducing ginseng to the American public. We are introducing fish as an alternative to red meat and white meat because it’s healthier. My father has been taking care of America, even if we didn’t realize it. All these things he and True Mother have done have allowed the American people to eat more fish, to become more healthy. Maybe to do less cooking preparation because the true wonderful characteristic of each ingredient should be savored and appreciated. The great thing about going to a nice restaurant and enjoying fine cuisine is that you can taste the saffron, but maybe not so much that it overpowers the other flavors in the food. It’s that magical blending of herbs that makes it truly divine.

I think about America being called a melting pot for so many

years. Now it's being called a salad bowl. Here is this great country where different races, religions, and cultures come together and are melded into one American tradition, one American consciousness. All of us who are born in this country have the idea that we are American, whether we are mellow yellow, or red or black. It doesn't matter. We all think of ourselves as American.

I remember my father asking us children the question, if America is the melting pot, doesn't the pot need heat to melt these things together? What is this heat going to be? This heat is God.

It's the power of true love that turns America into an incredible melting pot. If we reach back to the consciousness of our Pilgrim Fathers, and we tap into their courage and belief that they could create a world of Christian brothers and sisters, then America can become great once again.

The most important thing that America was built on was belief in the Lord. My father says, "Look at the difference between North and South America. North America was built on the concept of the Lord. The people came seeking freedom to worship. South America was cultivated because

people were looking for gold. Now compare North and South America. The disparity is quite profound, isn't it?" The difference, my father says, is because North America was founded with the concept of God. America was conceived on the basis of God. It was this belief that carried on the dream of building this incredible country and made it into a reality.

You hear these three words over and over in many different sectors of the world today: You have to conceive and believe; then you can achieve. America conceived a dream. It was founded on that conception of a dream. It was carried forward in the belief of our Pilgrim Fathers. Now we have to make America into a great country and achieve that dream. So, brothers and sisters, I feel in this second Sunday that we're sharing together that it is a wonderful opportunity to remind ourselves how incredibly blessed we are, what an incredibly vast future is waiting for us.

Just as we strive to become a great nation, just as we strive to go higher and higher and higher and achieve many incredible things, we must always return to God and remember that if you want to create a tall building, you have to

dig deeper. The height that you see must be equivalent to the depth that you don't see. Emily Dickinson wrote in her poem "Aspiration":

*We never know how high we are  
Till we are called to rise;  
And then, if we are true to plan,  
Our statures touch the skies.*

Brothers and sisters, we must not forget how incredibly gifted and how precious each and every one of us is. Each and every one of us was prepared by God to do incredible things. But at this time, when God is asking America to awaken and tap into the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, we will realize our greatness. In that way, following God's plan for America, we will touch the skies.

But no matter how high we go, we must always remember that we are based in the deep waters, in the mystery of our Lord, in the compassion of our Heavenly Father, and in the belief in our God, our True Parents above.

So brothers and sisters, this is going to be a wonderful Sunday, and I pray that many, many blessings will grace your families. Please appreciate each other. Just as I look forward to learning so much from you, I hope we can



work together to make America into that incredible country that God always dreamed it could be.

In the spirit of the whole Obama campaign that revolutionized America and the world, in the thought that an African American can be elected to the White House, that impossibility became a possibility and then a reality. Martin Luther

King dreamed the impossible, and through his belief and his hard work in the civil rights movement we have a president in the White House who represents the slaves of this country.

In the Last Days, the first will be last and the last will be first. So, brothers and sisters, incredible things are happening. The providence is moving very

quickly. We need to come together and remind ourselves what an incredible time this is. Please join with me in celebrating America, in celebrating our lives, in celebrating the dream, and in celebrating the belief of our Founding Fathers. Let's redetermine ourselves to achieve that dream and truly make America great once more.



